

# EDITORIALS

## Busy Years Ahead

The next two years promise to be busy and interesting as Torrance finally begins to attain its stature as a commercial center. Large and small new shopping developments are on the drawing boards and the great South Bay center already is a factor in the buying habits of Torrance area residents.

Torrance, because of its industries, excellent climate and available land for future development, is the great magnet attracting this new and highly desirable development. Without anyone of these three attractions, the entire area—including the beach towns—would have taken years more to mature.

In the meantime, the lethargy apparently existing in too many quarters of the downtown Torrance area must be dispelled by example or even more direct means. The policy of adding store buildings in total disregard of parking facilities must be stopped, by ordinance if necessary.

Much can be done and has been done superficially to make the old business center more appealing. Landlords must be encouraged to continue the improvement program that has accomplished much in the last two years. New fronts have brightened the general appearance of the old established business district which, in our opinion, always will attract shoppers in volume so long as there is a hard core of progressive advertisers and merchandisers. There will always be walk-in traffic; but the old days of a store-keeper hopefully awaiting the customers who may or may not show up on a particular day, will soon be gone forever.

Aside from the very practical feature of delivering sales tax money into the city treasury, retail business development is a prime factor in changing the whole complexion of the modern community. Combined with sound industry, flourishing retail centers become the life blood of any community and make possible its ultimate development along spiritual, cultural, and recreational directions.

## Failures and Successes

American history is rich with accounts of men and women who have started on the proverbial shoestring and built great and powerful businesses. This land of opportunity has been just that to thousands who have prospered on their own through industry, foresight and thrift. But, the time has come, it would appear, when it takes something more than guile and imagination to build a successful business.

The number of bankruptcies and receiverships in the Torrance and South Bay areas points up this truism all too graphically. They are not a reflection of the times for the times are good. Rather, in almost every case where true facts have been available, it is the story of lack of capital, lack of a sound business background, and, in many cases, an unwillingness on the part of the proprietor to take only a living wage during the pioneer period.

Let us hope that America always will offer the young man or woman the opportunity to make it on his own. At the same time it should be realized that the improperly equipped person who goes into business and fails, is helping to close the door of opportunity to others with the ability to overcome the handicap of too little capital through their industry, resourcefulness and willingness to make the necessary sacrifices in order to attain financial success and standing in the community of their choosing.

## Opinions of Others

LINDSBORG, KAN., NEWS-RECORD: "Anza-Amen Lema, whose home is in Tanganyika, East Africa . . . is attending Bethany College. Lema told me that one of the greatest problems in his country was to make his people believe that a government could be operated the way ours is, in the United States. That is, that everyone can take a stand on government operation, can vote for the individuals, in our free elections, can criticize our governmental operations if they are not in agreement with what our law-makers are doing. These things, he stated, are difficult to get across to his people and it is his belief that our government is going to have to make a definite effort to get these things across to the peoples of many foreign countries if we are to halt the spread of Communism."

FREDONIA, N. Y., CENSOR: "Mao-Tse-tung is now reported to have admitted that 800,000 people were liquidated by his regime up to 1954. The news seems cold in print. But it should be dwelled upon . . . How many regimes in all history have executed as many as 800,000 human beings?"

### STAR GAZER

By CLAY R. POLLAN

Your Daily Activity Guide According to the Stars

To develop message for Thursday, read words corresponding to numbers of your Zodiac birth sign.

ARIES	MAR. 21	1 Head	31 Gains	61 Consideration
APR. 20	2 Buf	32 Lines	62 Strong	62 Strong
3-5-8-23	3-5-8-23	33 Magnetism	63 Talents	63 Talents
4-7-10-40	4-7-10-40	4-7-10-40	4-7-10-40	4-7-10-40
5-9-13-20	5-9-13-20	5-9-13-20	5-9-13-20	5-9-13-20
6-11-17-24	6-11-17-24	6-11-17-24	6-11-17-24	6-11-17-24
7-12-15-17-40	7-12-15-17-40	7-12-15-17-40	7-12-15-17-40	7-12-15-17-40
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29-13-20	29-13-20	29-13-20	29-13-20	29-13-20
30-13-20	30-13-20	30-13-20	30-13-20	30-13-20

## Just Passing Through



YOUR PROBLEMS by Ann Landers

## She's Pinched—By Postman

Dear Ann: I'm a girl 17 and work in a dental office, for the summer. My trouble is not with the boss, but with the mailman. The old goat is my grandfather's age and utterly obnoxious.

Every day he brings me a gift or presses money on me. I've told him not to do this but he just stuffs the bills in the pocket of my uniform and leaves presents on the table. Several times he's tried to put his arms around me and once he gave a surprise pinch. I've asked him to cut it out but it does no good.

The other girl who works in this office told me he used to pester her but she avoided him by locking herself in the supply room whenever she saw him coming. Please don't tell me to quit this job. I love it here. In the meantime, what shall I do?—ADA.

Look, Cookie, if you're old enough to work in an office, you should know how to defend yourself against old goats as well as young wolves. Anyone who accepts a gift obligates himself in some small way. NOTHING is for free.

Suggest that he spend his money on toys for his grandchildren. And tell him in plain language that if he leaves any more presents you will phone the postoffice and report him. The trouble with some girls is when they say "NO" it sounds like "Maybe."

Dear Ann: Things have not changed since I last wrote to you. Please—some more advice. I am desperate.

I went to my lawyer as you advised and he said to give my husband another chance. I asked him, "Another chance for what? To continue the back-street affair that's been going on for 10 years?"

Recently I found two bank books with her name and asked him what it meant. He said, "It means exactly what you think. I work hard for my money and can do what I please with it."

This woman is 27. Ann. He is 48. Several of my relatives who know her say she has no other men friends and can't understand why a young girl would like herself up all these years with a man old enough to be her father.

Our two children 10 and 13 years of age wonder why I cry so much and am sick in bed a great deal of the time. The doctors can find nothing wrong. How can I tell my children what their father has done to me? Please tell me what to do now.

Go back to your lawyer and explain you've give your husband his final chance and now you want separate roofs. Ten years is a long time to wait for a man to get his head on straight. Crying won't help, so dry up and start to do something constructive with your life. Your two children need plenty of

time and attention. A mother who is sick from grieving simply can't fill the bill. Pull yourself together and be a mother to those children. Maybe when your husband's side-dish is no longer forbidden, it will lose some of its flavor.

Dear Ann: I'm 24, and in a real jam. A year ago I lost my head over a blonde and asked her to marry me. She refused saying "we weren't right for each other." I decided not to make it tough on myself so I just stopped seeing her.

Now I realize I was lucky. I've since met a real wonderful girl who has all the good qualities the blonde lacked. I haven't mentioned marriage yet because I don't want to rush things, but I know I want her for my wife.

Last week the old flame called me. She has "reconsidered" and wants to make plans for our wedding. I know she's gone with three

## LAW IN ACTION

### Putting on Heirs

Probate takes around seven months to a year—if there are no complications, longer if there are. For it takes time to sort out one's assets and debts and make sure that all claims have been settled one way or another. And the determination of taxes takes time, whether you leave a will or not, and whether you have a probate estate or not.

Note: California lawyers offer this column for you to know about our laws.

and I quote  
"One reason so many children are seen on the streets at night is that they're afraid to stay home alone."  
—H. M. James

"A man sits as many risks as he runs."  
—Henry David Thoreau

"Women just wouldn't get everything said if they spoke one at a time."  
—Arnold Glasgow

"Without a right not to join (a union) there can be no such thing as a right to join."  
—Rev Edward A. Keller, C.S.C., U. of Notre Dame.

But unless you mention these grandchildren they will share fully as pretermitted heirs.

Will or no will, your property is subject to probate unless you held it as a joint tenant or gave it away while you lived.

## AFTER HOURS By John Morley

# Soviet Union Is No Riddle

(PART I). Released from Vienna—I have just completed 6000 miles inside Russia, the equivalent of California to New York and return . . . from the extreme north to the Volga-Don canal in the south, the Ukraine, Caucasus and the Crimea-Black Sea belt . . . by air, train, boat, car and the proverbial shoe-leather variety. This included such large industrial and agricultural centers as Moscow, Kiev, Stalingrad, Rostov-on-Don, Dnepropetrovsk, and over a hundred less important cities and towns deeper in the interior of the USSR.

I saw Russia's best in the colossal buildings in Moscow . . . the 12 huge locks which connect the Volga and the Don, enormous dams and factories, and for two days and nights traveled along this 188-mile unique waterway which connects Stalingrad and Rostov. I saw their best and worst collective farms. I entered a variety of houses, huts and apartments in some 40 cities and towns without previous arrangement. I talked to hundreds at will wherever I wanted. I even sat and talked in broken Russian and German with a number of individuals on trains, boats, planes and some living like cavedwellers in holes along the dirty and desolate river banks.

I talked with belligerent non-Communists and the fanatic variety. I interviewed public officials, scientists, engineers, plant directors, ministers, rabbis, farmers, educators, foreign and local students. I had an able Russian interpreter with me 75 per cent of the time and I chose my spots at will without interference. My transportation costs alone ran more than 30 dollars per day. I got a closer look at Russia than in any other of some 21 trips inside the Iron Curtain since the 30s.

To this reporter Russia was never a riddle . . . and it is clearer today than any nation I have ever covered. To attempt to document Russia in a column or two is absurd. But I hope my readers in the U. S. and abroad will add another dimension to their understanding of Russia today through these latest eye-witness uncensored observations.

Russia is divided into three classes . . . the Communists, the workers and the peasants (farmers). Probably 75 per cent are peasants, illiterate, miserable creatures . . . 24 per cent workers (which includes factory, office, transportation, government personnel) . . . and about 1 per cent control the Party machinery. The "workers" fare better than the peasants . . . the Communists and non-Communist high-ups appear to live simply on the surface, but actually live like kings in their country dachas.

Russia is divided into 16 republics . . . the largest is the Russian republic, around Leningrad and Moscow, with about 45 million . . . the Ukraine republic with about 40 million, and Bali-Russia with about 35 million. This core of Communism controls Russia and the population here is better off than in any of the remaining 13 republics.

Everything is organized in Russia to a specific pattern . . . absolutely no personal initiative. The order goes out from the top that tomatoes will cost a dollar, or a penny each and so it is. Supply and demand never enters into it. To pacify and soften up the millions, the Party maneuvers prices . . . organize "people's festivals" with circus, music, cinema, ballets, speeches, youth rallies and constant parades of one kind or another . . . all for free. Music blasts out from loud speakers in town and city squares, in parks, which they call "places of culture and rest." About the only "culture" I could see was the hundreds of benches, blankets and other sundry paraphernalia of convenience for the biggest sex-orgy on the face of the globe. One of my guides blushed at what was apparent around us. Her unexpected retort was that "some comrades take sex as casually as a glass of water."

The Russian people, for instance, are required to pay only 30 cents for a ballet which in the U. S. would cost

six dollars and worth it. They pay only six cents for bread, but one dollar for the equivalent of a nickel Hershey chocolate bar. No one is allowed to accept a tip of any kind from a foreigner . . . and they perform services with more courtesy and zest than in the finest public places in the world. For example, a foreign visitor is handled by "In-Tourist," which in Russian is an abbreviation of "foreign travel service." No travel agency in the world could come close to matching In-Tourist service. They are at your beck and call 24 hours a day, for literally anything you may desire. If you choose to travel alone at any time, just grab a taxi anywhere without cost. Food, delicacies are yours for the asking. Four of us correspondents ate over 100 dollars of caviar and crab, without any rebuff or apparent reaction. We could have eaten 1000 dollars worth.

There are no night clubs in Russia . . . just music in some restaurants . . . but excellent music. There are no drunks or frivolity anywhere that I could see. People work very hard, especially women. In strategic areas of population they erect huge billboards and hang the photographs of workers who exceeded the norm. For this they receive extra pay, extra

rest and extra living quarters. It's quite an achievement for a Russian worker to move from a two-room apartment shared with eight families to one shared by five. Their pay ranges from 100 dollars to 300 dollars per month . . . but a suit still costs 250 dollars and a cheap three-dollar shirt goes for 30 dollars. Shoes are out of reach . . . cheap leather substitutes sell for 75 dollars to 100 dollars. One Russian told me he has worn the same suit for 21 years . . . but added, "I prefer it this way," with obvious pride. I wonder who he thought he was kidding.

There is a hypnotic spell inside Russia you can with a knife. You seldom hear complaints, except from students and Christians I talked with privately. I sincerely believe this to be the weakest link inside the USSR . . . and I am convinced more than ever that the power of youth and its natural expression for freedom—and the power of faith, are going to be very prominent on the day of resurrection from Communist slavery.

Part 2 of "Russia Is No Riddle" will be continued in the next issue of "After Hours."

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## THE FREELANCER by Tom Rische

### Get a Clothespin

Talk about the Russians brawwashing people—look at what the advertising industry is trying to do to us now. They're talking about putting up food in packages that not only tempt the eyes, but also the nose. A special process has been developed to allow the use of various smells in printing. Ink will not only come out in different colors, but assorted smells. Hence, menus may smell like steaks or chicken; wedding announcements may smell like orange blossoms; and advertisements will smell like the product they're pushing.

Pretty soon, they'll have a smell-o-vision instead of television, although there are some people who claim that "smell-o-vision" is a good name for what we watch now. Anyway, the hucksters are getting ready to bombard our noses as well as our eyes and brains with advertising. If we don't come out of a grocery simply drooling, it won't be the fault of the advertising industry. It's hard enough now.

A guy goes into the grocery store to buy a bottle of milk and comes out with \$5 worth of bargains. He may not like dill pickles or marinated herring, but they were a tremendous bargain.

Just think what might happen if they added smells to all the packages of goodies in the store. A guy could go crazy before he could get the food home to cook it. Grocery stores would become a cauldron of odors and it wouldn't be safe to take the kids along. Before you knew what was happening, they would have filled the basket beyond the budget allowance.

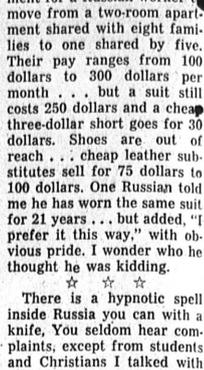
The inside of a kitchen would smell like the inside of a restaurant and different members of the family might demand different suppers, depending on the odor which caught their fancy.

The advertisers are getting smart. They know what every woman knows—that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. They go one step further however—they know that the nose plays a big part in getting a man to put the food in his mouth before it goes to his stomach.

In this new age of advertising from all sides, the best thing to do would be to put a clothespin on your nose and blinders on your eyes when you go into the grocery store. That way, you'll get out with only the bottle of milk—maybe.

Very truly yours,  
MAY W. ROSS

## PLAYGROUNDS ARE LIFESAVERS



Have your children use them!

NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

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